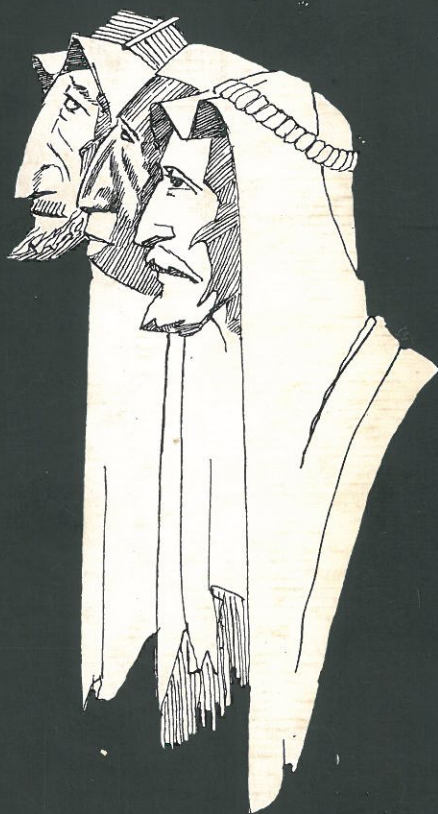
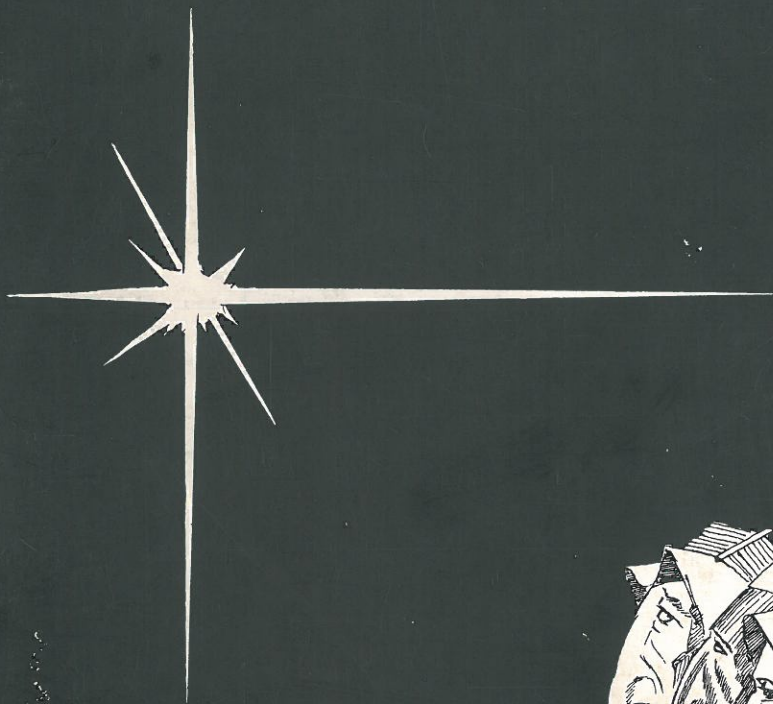


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JOE

By JOHN KASING

SOMEHOW we on board the Patrick felt a little tinge of sadness watching this big ship turn to the open sea. Perhaps it was in the rain, perhaps in the music which seemed to float softer and softer as the boat moved slowly away. Or maybe it was in the thought that we were going home — alive — and there were thousands of others who never would. I remember standing on 'A' deck — the cool rain and the fresh salt air beating at my face — watching Japan slowly fade to a tiny speck bobbing far off on the horizon — then disappear.

Most of us strained to catch one final glimpse, but it was gone. I leaned against the heavy wooden

railing, feeling the fresh, clean rain roll down the back of my neck. It was then that I reached into my pocket for a cigarette and found the letter. It was crumbled and muddy with a small red smear across a part of the last page. I wish now that I had left it lying there in the Korean mud and never seen it.

As I opened the letter the whole nightmare-memory came suddenly tumbling back. I was reliving it over again like some terrible dream. I was reliving those fourteen days when we thought that not one of us had a chance of ever coming back, and that one day in Chinju when Joe Phierison had written this letter.

It was July and the monsoon rains had turned Korea into a huge cesspool of mud. The supply trucks had bogged down miles behind the line and we had been taking a merciless beating. Our rations were next to nothing; we were running short of ammo, and the Koreans were hammering at us with everything they had. On this particular day a strange thing happened. The sun came out; the rain stopped — and the Koreans, for the first time in nearly two weeks, did nothing. The huge mountain, beast like, slowly came to life. Men were crawling out of their holes — cautiously — then boldly, until finally the whole hill was alive with motion. Joe Phierison lifted his head above the rim of his fox hole twenty feet to my right and yelled over, "Hey, Kase, what happened?"

"What do you mean 'what happened'—where in the — you been?"

"Sleepin'."

"Sleepin'? No kiddin', Joe, you been sleepin' and those Chinks right down there just waitin' to sneak up and cut your throat. You got guts boy, you got guts."

"Guts—yeah, that reminds me, Kase, you got any of those K rations left? I'm starved!"

"Yeah, I got some, Joe, come on over."

JOE looked around suspiciously, his oversized steel "pot" falling down over his eyes with the movement. He turned back to me. Suddenly he popped out of his fox hole and sauntered carelessly over to mine. With an aimless thumb, like that of a listless hitch-hiker, he waved in the general direction of the Chinese, and smiled at me as he said, "I think they got scared and went home."

Joe was quite a guy—a good-natured, handsome kid from Evansville. I was trying to remember what his hair looked like without a helmet when he stopped at the top of the foxhole.

"Show me the cans, Kase."

I held the can up to him and he winced, "Oh no! Not spaghetti and meatballs! That's all I've had for *five* days!"

I squinted up at his huge, angular frame silhouetted above me, "Get down here, you silly ape, you're blocking the sun."

He jumped, his feet splashing into a puddle of water when he hit the bottom. I had tapered and

sloped the inside of the hole to allow for drainage.

"Nice guy! You wouldn't tell your old buddy you booby-trapped the dining room, would you?"

"You dumb cluck, don't you ever look before you leap?"

"Listen, if I looked before I leaped I'd have joined the airborne. I'll bet that whole division's sittin' back there in Seoul, drinking *sochu* and havin' a ball."

"C'mon, Joe, you big farmer. You never had it so good, and you know it."

"Quit gassin' and cook, sweetheart."

I PUT a thermide pill inside the lid of a can and lit it. It was a little wet but after the third try it sputtered, then burst in a blue-hot glow. I put the can of spaghetti on top of the lid and looked up to see that Joe had taken off his helmet—his hair was a sandy blond which would probably be a shade or two lighter with a good scrubbing. I jibed him, "Hey, Curly, when's the last time you washed that mop?"

"You're not exactly the chef at the Waldorf yourself, bathless. Hey, isn't that spaghetti about done?"

He didn't expect an answer. There was a sudden silence, both of us unaware of it as we sat there, staring quietly at the little blue flame. The hundred jovial little remarks disappeared. I was thinking of what was waiting below the hill. I was afraid. I felt that I had to talk about it to someone. I reached out to feel if



the can was warm, wondering what Joe was thinking. I couldn't talk to him. We never talked of things like that. Then I remembered the chaplain.

"Joe," I said abruptly, "have you seen the chaplain around?"

He started, then after a short pause broke into a grin. "And what would I want with a sky-pilot? He'd tell me to pray or something, and prayin' won't fill your stomach." There was another pause. "Something on your mind, Kase? Forget it. Once you start thinking, you're as good as gone up here—how's the spaghetti?"

I opened the can and marked it in the middle with a stone. "You eat to here, animal, then I take over."

In a few minutes Joe had finished down to the mark and he handed the can back to me.

"Kase—do you have any paper?"

HIS blue eyes suddenly turned very serious, and for a moment, he looked like a young boy who had found a new friend. His young face added to this impression and I almost wanted to laugh. I didn't.

"Just some of that K ration stuff. Why?"

"I want to write a letter."

I dipped into my musette bag, found the paper, and gave it to him.

"Do you have a pencil, Joe?"

"Yeah." He unbuttoned the pocket of his dirty fatigue jacket and found the stub of a yellow,

wooden pencil. "Let me use your ammo box, Kase, o.k.?"

"Sure, Joe, you go ahead and write; I'm gonna enjoy the rest of this spaghetti."

"Pheirson—what are you doing down there?" It was Chuck Reagan, a master sergeant from Reading, Pennsylvania.

Joe looked up at him.

"Writing a letter, sarge. Would you mind moving over? You're blocking the sun."

"Where in the — have you guys been? Listen out there."

Joe and I looked up and listened. There was nothing. That is precisely what the sergeant had meant—it was too quiet. The kind of quiet you remember before a thunder storm when not a blade of grass, not even a leaf, rustles—but the silence is heavy and pregnant with motion.

We looked at each other—there was no need for words. Joe reached down and picked up the letter. He pulled himself to the top of the hole and disappeared.

EVERYTHING happened at once. There was a loud, sharp blast of a bugle—and a huge wave of men suddenly running up the hill—fanatically, crazily. Artillery was firing incessantly. Mortars zisshed into the dirt and exploded. The noise—the terrible noise—becoming louder and louder. Yelling and screaming—"Chinks" running up the hill. Most of us had at best only a few rounds of ammunition. The order came down the line—"Fix for hand to hand—two whistles."

I heard the second whistle only distantly. I was praying and trying to shove the last clip down into my M-1 both at the same time. We were out of the holes with bayonets pointed, running low toward the huge mass rushing up to meet us. I yelled over to Joe but he couldn't hear me. He was running out ahead of the line. A Korean without a rifle saw him coming, waited until he was about eight yards away, then threw his bayonet. I watched it whistling through the air, hitting him in the throat. I watched him fall, gasping for breath, clutching and pulling at the hilt of the knife.

An eternity later, they retreated. I don't know how we pushed them back and I didn't care. After it was over, I walked over to where Joe was lying. I found the letter there beside him.

* * *

THE ship bucked a little and leaned to one side, forcing me into the railing. I opened the crumpled, dirty letter, and there was Joe smiling up at me in those large uneven letters.

Chinju, Korea

Dear Mom,

You would laugh if you could see me sitting here in the mud using an empty ammo box for a desk. And I suppose it is kind of funny. Here I am, dirty, sweating and tired, writing a letter home. I couldn't say what prompted me to write at a time like this, unless it's just to relieve the emotional tension built up over the past few weeks. Or per-

haps it is that need a man has—to feel that there is stability somewhere outside of this confused, inverted world of war and killing. I'm not really sure whether it has been two weeks or two years. And I guess it doesn't really matter much either way. Time is such a trivial, insignificant thing. It only *measures* life. It does not *dictate* who can go on living and who can't. The only time that exists is *now*.

Yesterday one of my best friends was killed. It's as simple as that. Two words blot out the story of twenty-one years. The story of a freckle-faced kid from Iowa who had never had a chance at life and never would. A simple declarative sentence consoles a mother for thousands of sacrifices, the long nights of worry and the many, many things she endured for him.

Where is the order in this confusion, Mom? Where's hope? where's love? where's anything that makes a man a human being in this mad, senseless scramble for your own existence? Can the God you taught me to know be sitting back unmoved, aloof and unseeing amid all this misery and bloodshed? And yet, I know that somewhere there is happiness and peace. Somewhere there is faith and the God of faith who guides, rewards and loves. Sometimes He seems so far away. Yet mysteriously, He seems so touchable.

This hill that I am sitting on cost the 24th Division two hundred men. How's that for a trade,

Mom? Send me your name and address together with two hundred American men and I'll send back to you, prepaid, one large, useless Korean hill. That's quite a joke even though it is just a little bitter. But that's the way you've got to become up here, Mom—bitter and tough—a killer! You don't need a motive or a grand plan like the preservation of democracy or any of the other petty, distant reasons; you fight to live! Don't get me wrong, Mom. I think democracy is a wonderful thing. It's just that in a field littered with the reeking bodies of the guys you once knew, the preserver of democracy begins to feel like a small worm being slowly devoured by a huge bird.

Sometime last week, I shot a Korean boy. I can't recall the exact day or time. It's just somewhere back there in the never forgotten past. I remember running and jumping into a fox hole—then a very loud explosion behind me. Instinctively I must have turned around, and there—shivering with fright and crying softly was a Korean soldier. He couldn't have been more than fifteen. Suddenly I felt a strange understanding and sympathy for this boy. I wanted to sit down and talk to him. I wanted to ask him about his home, his mother, the girl he was going to marry. Was I going soft? Kill! Kill! I jerked back the bolt of the rifle, aimed it slowly and carefully at his head. But—I couldn't do it!

I was still a human being. I still had feelings and emotions. I couldn't kill him! Suddenly he reached for his bayonet. I shot him through the head three times. Quickly, deliberately. As long as I live I shall never be able to forget the expression on his young face as he thumped back against the mud wall with the impact of each bullet.

The most terrifying thing about this whole mess is remembering. Each day I sit down and tell myself, "Forget, forget, you've got to forget. Forget the rain and the mud, forget the shells and the deafening noise. Forget the blackened bodies and the low soft moans of the dying. Forget it all!" But you can't forget. Each day of this hell imprints itself indelibly on your mind and soul. And you can never forget.

I realize now that it was a waste of time writing this letter, Mom, because I could never send it. I couldn't hurt you. And I wouldn't hurt you with the realization that this is the son you raised. That this is the same boy who ran crying to you with his scratched knees and broken toys so many years ago. Pray for me, Mom. Pray for me and know that I love you.

Your son,
Joe

THIS was the letter I had taken from Joe. Each word of it hammered itself into my memory. This was the Joe none of us had ever known.

DANTE, in his *Divine Comedy*, erected the highest straining Tower of Babel in poetic history. The vision of God was near his inspirational grasp, but

"Here vigor fail'd the
towering fantasy."

Yet, Dante, in writing at the end of the supernaturally-minded Middle Ages, had two vital factors in his favor. For ready at hand was a richly abundant source of religious images, the bricks and bitumen out of which Dante was to send his tremendous tower soaring. These images were derived from the philosophy of Saint Thomas, which worked out

the concrete embodiment of the *Divine Comedy*.

Innumerable poets, before and after Dante, have striven to reach the Ultimate Being through some symbolic medium. In fact, evidence of this striving manifested in the poetry itself is considered by many critics as a basic criterion for determining truly sublime poetry.

This view, in diverse forms, is as old as Plato, of whom Emerson stated: "He, from the sunlike centrality and reach of his vision, has a faith without cloud." It was evinced by the early 19th century romantic Wordsworth, who dei-

The Religious Revival in Contemporary Form

a cosmos, giving hierarchical position to all the material and spiritual properties of the medieval universe.

Furthermore, Dante received an injunction from his medieval contemporaries, whose striving expressed the wish and aspiration for a completely defined relationship with God.

In the *Divine Comedy*, Dante, by dint of his genius, fused the philosophical cosmos of Saint Thomas with the spiritual drives of the people. To accomplish his purpose, he used and transformed the given symbols and systems of his own Christian culture into

fied Reality:

"The earth and every common
sight

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light."

It survives in modern times, as indicated by Poet Allen Tate: "The symbolic imagination conducts an action through analogy, of the human to the divine, of the natural to the supernatural, of the low to the high, of time to eternity." And it brings "together various meanings at a single moment of action."

True, this view of necessary faith in some higher Reality has been held by all ages, but at

Dante's time it was most universal and sturdy.

Since that particular time there has been a steady departure from a centralized religious attitude. As a result, today's poet lacks the two vital elements, the structural materials of a recognizable symbolism and the firm foundation of the people's (and his own) faith.

ATTEMPTING to analyze this loss of symbolic values, Louis L. Martz states: "Modification and ultimate disruption of Catholic dogma of the Eucharist (during the 17th century), involving the doctrines of Incarnation, Sacri-

analogical validity of the poetic symbol."

Although having deep historical roots, the present loss of faith springs most immediately from the bombardment of the world's Utopian aspirations during the First World War. The most apt depiction of this spiritual vacuity in modern life is given in T. S. Eliot's abstruse poem of 1922, *The Waste Land*. Mixing a concoction of "associations, tags, and quotations, bursts of conversation, description, and fragmentary interior monologues" held together by the unifying symbol of the Fisher King, Eliot forcibly

by James O'Brien

fice, and Real Presence, brought about a swift decline in the English sense of a constant, unshakable relation between the spiritual and the material, the abstract and the concrete. As the ancient sacramental view of life lost its hold, English writers lost their vision of the role of Christ in history . . ." Even more acute is the following statement by Malcolm MacKenzie Ross: "A denial of the Real Presence and the Real Sacrifice is inevitably a denial of the whole Eucharistic grip on Reality and therefore a repudiation of the sanctification of natural things, therefore, too, an assault on the

reveals the chaos and sterility of our civilization. This situation stimulates, in Eliot's mind, only disgust, pessimism, and doubt.

ABOUT this point of the poet's attitude centers one of the most clamorous debates in the realm of modern poetic criticism. The question is this: Are the modern poets providing aims and ideals for society, or are they merely tearing down and inveighing against the aimlessness of society? The modern practices of using words dissociated from their meaning, relating experiences solely for the purpose of communicating their opposites, and

of discarding traditional verse usage as if it had never existed are, many critics claim, merely a mask of intellectualism, of decrying, and of self-pitying whimpering.

But isn't the modern poet struggling in a blind dilemma? Just *what* message is he able to communicate in such a world of doubt, and *how* is he to convey it in such a world of deviously orientated peoples?

The problem has been recognized, and the movement toward its resolution has begun. Quite significantly, the leader of this movement is the very man who best defined the pervading mood of pessimism and intellectual doubt immediately following the First World War. For T. S. Eliot has moved from doubt to religious inquiry to faith (declaring himself in 1928 to be "an Anglo-Catholic in religion"). The analysis of his conversion Eliot presents in his highly personal poem, *Ash Wednesday*.

Throughout *Ash Wednesday* Eliot acknowledges his lowliness and begs God for mercy. In conveying the sense of his own state, he employs several well-known prayers which complement preceding passages and auger future hopes:

"Pray for us sinners now and
at the hour of our death

Pray for us now and at the
hour of our death."

"Lord, I am not worthy

Lord, I am not worthy but
speak the word only."

Having been led from the flesh-

ly life towards redemption by a veiled sister, Eliot ends his poem beseechingly:

"And let my cry come unto
thee."

Another religious element one is bound to notice in persuing *Ash Wednesday* is the many allusions to Dante's *Divine Comedy*. No less than eight are employed in a poem of 219 lines.

Eliot's later poetry continues this theme of repentance. In *The Four Quartets* he indicates that the desire for wholeness and emotional security is to be gained solely through the church. To understand the synthesis of ideas and experiences in *The Four Quartets*, a notion of such religious doctrines as "sin" and "redemption" is indispensable.

T. S. Eliot has not confined his opinion of the purpose of poetry solely to its implementation in his own poems. Indeed, he preaches to all who will listen: "I believe that the man of letters at the present day ought to have this acute sense of a social duty obliging him to convey a message." This duty Eliot likewise imposes even on the critic, whose "literary criticism should be completed by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint."

Three other poets, though of lesser stature than Eliot, have contributed momentum to a religious revival. They are Edith Sitwell, Robert Lowell, and George Barker.

MISS Sitwell, who presents the world as dying through the harshness of commercialism and

industry, believes the "poet should stand beside the priest in his work of restoring to mankind faith in God . . . in this terrible age when the only faith seems to belong to the gray and murderous creeds."

In *Still Falls the Rain* Miss Sitwell uses the relentless words "Still falls the Rain" to blame the present generations for their part in Christ's passion and death. For the Rain now falls:

"Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross"
Still it falls

"With a sound like the pulse
of the heart that is changed
to the Hammer-beat

In the Potter's Field,"
Still it falls

"At the feet of the Starved
Man hung upon the cross."
Still it falls as

"the blood from the Starved
Man's wounded side."

Following these accusations Miss Sitwell voices an impassioned prayer:

"Then—O Ile leape up to
my God: who pulles me
doun—

See, see where Christ's blood
streams in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we
nailed upon the Tree"

In the last line of the poem Christ replies:

"Still do I love, still shed my
innocent light, my Blood,
for thee."

ROBERT Lowell, a Catholic convert, holds that we in America are children of darkness in a land where "our money talks and multiplies the darkness." In his verse Lowell struggles violently to arrive at stability in our satanically-dominated world. Ultimately he looks to heaven for his promising answer.

In *The Drunken Fisherman*:

"I will catch Christ with a
greased worm,¹
And when the Prince of
Darkness stalks
My bloodstream to its Stygian term . . .
On water the Man-Fisher
walks."

In *Christmas Eve under Hooker's Statue*:

"But we are old, our fields are
running wild;
Till Christ again turn wanderer and child."

GEORGE Barker, an Anglo-Catholic, indirectly calls for the spiritual revitalization of our culture. Utilizing historical images in a narrative explanation, Barker presents our own time as a period of betrayal. His *History of England* '38 aptly illustrates this.

In the first section of this poem, Barker meditates on revolutionaries of the past. He especially recalls Shelley, from whose skull a tear of love is shed. The tear drops into a pool of blood (symbolic of human destruction during

¹ Indicates the poet will secure Christ through natural means rather than artificial means.

ing war) from which a ghost arises,

"Looking at me (the poet)
with eyes that supplicated
fate."

In the ensuing four sections of the poem, Barker analyzes the causes for the ghost's wretchedness. England has remained commercial and is being ruled by blind power:

"Roaring of winter with the
tongues of Orion:
'The great winds rage in the
mane of the lion,
But not great winds make
the lion weak'"

More specifically the blind power:

"Still rules England with its
scales of gold."

The poet, however, is not overwhelmed by these temporal forces for:

"The touch of the tongue as
the Lamb kissed²

Fired my spirit with the bliss
of fate"

Historical images come into play as King Alfred declaims against the modern spirit of nationalism: "See what a fatal gift I gave England!"

Alfred asks for a return to the spirit of medieval unity and culture through the symbol of King Arthur. For currently, domestic unity is nonexistent. The North

accuses the South of taking:

"the gold from my teeth and
left me hollow."

The South justifies itself by calling North a "whore."

Once again the poet's faith does not topple for:

"Nevertheless Venus is lovely."

That is, love is still present. We must, however, put it into practice.

Customarily, he ends on a religious and optimistic note:

"Where is the Cappadocian³
for that throat
To cut the health and wealth
of England loose?"

"I see him rise sweating from
the North,"

"O equitable stars hasten that
libation!"

All the preceding poets, it is true, view God from the standpoint of a cowering, but repentant sinner.

"Lord, I am not worthy but
speak the word only."

His blood "flows from the
Brow we nailed upon the tree."

"Where is that Cappadocian
for that throat
To cut the health and wealth
of England loose?"

None of these poets catapult into the splendor of heaven, but how is one to catapult when mired in our civilization of spiritual sluggishness and mundane aimlessness?

² Also construed as a reference to the pre-romantic poet, William Blake.

³ Reference to St. George.



A
One

Growing Pains



Act
Play

by
George
Troha

CHARACTERS

LENNY—An eighteen-year-old college freshman, home after a semester in college.

FATHER—Talkative father of Lenny.

JIMMY—Lenny's five-year-old brother.

MOTHER

PLACE

The parlor of their home. A typical family parlor with a couch, television, etc.

SCENE I

Lenny, Jimmy, and their Father are watching television in the afternoon. Jimmy is sitting on the floor, Lenny in one corner chair, their father in the other corner chair.

Father: Watch the way he stands, Jimmy, on the balls of his feet, perfectly balanced—see! Look at him cut! Perfect! Just the way I told you. Hah, base hit. See that, Lenny?

Lenny: Yeah, base hit alright.

Jimmy: Is Williams the best ball player there ever was, Dad?

Father: No siree, boy! Not on your life. I've seen many a ball player in this town that could have been better if he had had the chance. Yes sir, we've had some great ball players in this town. You can ask your mother. And I used to do pretty good myself. Why I still remember that game with the Eagles when we were playing for a pot of six hundred dollars. Jake Schmitz was pitching for the Eagles then. There was a boy who could toss a fast ball! And that wasn't all! He had the biggest hook you ever saw! And control? Hah, you never saw control till you saw Jake . . . He could've made the majors any day, any day. Well, I got up in the eighth inning with the score five to four in favor of the Eagles, and I got ahold of that fast ball and—Pow! The boys still talk about how far I hit that ball. Farthest one they ever seen around here. Yes sir, they still remember that one.

Lenny: What diamond did you play on, Dad?

Father: Why . . . the one over on Collins street; Of course it was bigger then, no fence and all.

Lenny: How about the buildings, Dad?

Father: Buildings? Oh! . . . Well, the ball cleared the buildings, son. Yes sir, a real wallop.

Lenny: Five stories high?

Jimmy: Could you hit it again, Dad?

Father: (*Putting boy on lap*) I'm a little older now Jimmy, but I

imagine I could still pack a little of that old dynamite.

Lenny: (*satirically*) Yeah, sure, so could mother.

(*Lenny leaves room; Father with quizzical face watches him depart.*)

Jimmy: Did they ever find the ball, Dad?

Father: What? Oh yes, the ball. Yes they found it on the roof.

Jimmy: Boy, I'll bet it was squashed, huh, Dad?

Father: (*smiling, squeezes the child*) Like a lemon, son. Like a lemon. Now you run along and get ready for bed and tell your mother I want to see her, okay?

Jimmy: Okay Dad, 'Night. (*kisses father and runs off to bed.*)

(*Mother enters*)

Mother: What is it, Fred?

Father: What's got into Lenny, Mary? Ever since he's come home from college he's been different. Seems to scorn me. I can't figure it out.

Mother: He's not scorning you, dear. Lenny always has been so fond of you. Don't talk like that.

Father: He seems so different though. I can't help feeling that he's got something against me.

Mother: Now you stop talking like that, Fred. Lenny is a very devoted son, and you know it or you wouldn't be so disturbed over such a trivial thing.

(*Lenny enters with an orange and sits down to watch television as the father and mother hush quickly.*)

Father: How do you like college, son?

Lenny: It's pretty nice, Dad.

Father: I sure wish I could have gone to college. It's a great thing that schooling. Yes siree, a great thing. I had to work on the farm though. Not that I didn't have the brains. I was at the top of my eighth grade class. The top man! Always the last one up in those spelling bees. Even won the town spelling bee. I remember how the sisters tried to talk my Dad into letting me go to high school, but he wouldn't hear any talk of that. Needed me on the farm too much. Yes sir, I might have gone places if I had gone to high school; it was something in those days. Stick with that schooling, son. You've got the brains. Don't end up with a job like I've got. How are your grades?

Lenny: Not too good so far.

Father: You've got to study, boy! Study, study, study! Or you won't get anywhere. It takes work to get places, lots of

work.

Mother: I'm sure Lenny studies hard, dear.

Father: Sure he does, he got some of that old Dawson grit in him. He'll make it all right. One thing I can thank God for. I never gave up a thing once I started it. No siree, not once I made up my mind. Why I remember during the depression when . . .

Lenny: I'm going outside a minute. (*Lenny walks out of the room.*)

Father: See what I mean, Mary? He just doesn't care for me anymore.

Mother: He hasn't been home for quite a while, dear. You have to remember that.

Father: I can't understand it . . . He always liked to talk to me . . .

Mother: (*sitting next to him*) He still does, dear, he still does.

SCENE II

(*The next morning after Mass and breakfast are over, Lenny and Jimmy are in the parlor reading the comics. Father enters, picks up the sports section of the paper and begins reading.*)

Father: (*after a period of silence*) Big fight tomorrow night, eh Lenny? Who are you betting on?

Lenny: Patterson is a cinch. They say he's better than Louis or any of them. He's fast; he can punch, and he can take it.

Father: It's hard to say nowadays. The fight game's not the same anymore. All the good fighters are gone. All they do is clinch now. All fixed too. I remember the Dempsey-Tunney fights. There was a fighter. That Tunney! He'd make Patterson look sick.

Jimmy: Did you ever fight, Dad?

Father: When I was young, son. I used to spar with the fighters down at Clary's gym. I fought with some of the good ones, too. Even Greb, Armstrong, and Murphy used to go through there, and I'd go a few rounds with them. I didn't always get the worst of it either. One time Greb was giving me a hard time and I lost my temper. They always told me to take it easy, but this time I was really mad. I lit into Greb like a wild rooster and after five quick punches, there was Greb on the canvas.

Jimmy: Was he knocked out, Dad?

Father: Flatter than a pancake, son.

Jimmy: Gee! Show me how to fight, Dad!

(*Father gets down on his knees and begins to box playfully with Jimmy. Lenny throws the paper down and walks out of the room. They stop and take notice of his strange exit.*)

Jimmy: What's wrong with Len, Dad?

Father: (*pensively*) I don't know, Jimmy, I don't know.

Mother: (*entering hastily*) What have you said to Lenny, Fred? Why is he so mad?

Father: Nothing. I told you that kid has had it in for me ever since he got home. What am I doing wrong, Mary? What am I doing to hurt him?

Father: (*turning to Jimmy, grabs his head and rubs his rough beard on his face*) Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. Here's my little pal. Come on you little stinker, let's see how tough you are.

SCENE III

(*In the parlor after supper Lenny is sitting watching television. Jimmy is upstairs. Mother is at a card party. Father enters.*)

Father: (*after a long silence*) No date tonight, son?

Lenny: Nope, not tonight, Dad.

Father: Aren't you taking Susie out any more?

Lenny: Once in a while.

Father: Did you have a fight again?

Lenny: (*firmly*) No, I'm just not going out tonight, that's all.

Father: (*meekly*) Oh!

(*Another long silence.*)

Father: Larry or any of the boys been around yet, Lenny?

Lenny: No, not yet.

Father: They probably don't know you're home yet.

Lenny: I guess so.

(*Jimmy comes running into the room and falls on the rug.*)

Father: Hey, what are you trying to do, wear out our rug?

Jimmy: We gonna bet on bowling again tonight, Dad?

Father: How much money have you got?

Jimmy: I haven't got any money.

Father: Then how are you going to bet?

Jimmy: You give me some.

Father: Smart little guy aren't you? O.K., ten cents a game. Want to watch bowling, Lenny? Channel nine.

Lenny: (*gets up to turn the channel*) Sure.

Jimmy: Wanta bet, Lenny? I got ten cents.

Lenny: O.K. Jim, ten cents.

Jimmy: I'm gonna win lotsa money tonight, Dad.

Father: Don't be too sure. (*Jimmy sits on the floor as bowling comes on.*)

(After some time.)

Father: Boy, that's five straight strikes for Lillard. He's hot tonight.

Jimmy: That's my guy, Dad.

Lenny: He won't keep that up for long.

Father: Aha—six in a row. Bowlers like Lillard don't let up son. He's a real pressure man. Salvino doesn't stand a chance. Look at that hook! Perfect! (*Father stands up to better illustrate.*) Notice how he follows through, doesn't twist his wrist at all; real natural motion and that ball comes into that pocket just right. The guys at the bowling alley used to say that I had one of the best hooks they'd ever seen. It'd come straight down the alley and then all of a sudden, zingo! Shoot square into the one-three pocket and sweep that alley clean! Never forget the time I had ten straight strikes; and then on the eleventh ball, I thought sure I had it again—right square in the pocket. But I looked down the alley and there was that lousy seven pin, swaggerin' like a drunk on Sunday morning. Just wouldn't fall down! The boys still talk about that one down at Tony's. Closest I ever came to a 300 game. Yes sir, with a little luck that might have been it.

Jimmy: Why don't you go on television, Dad?

Father: Ha, Ha. That's not so funny. I had a pretty good average. Always about 190 or 195.

Lenny: Last time we bowled you hit 135.

Father: If I was in practice, I'd show you. About eight hours practice and I'd be back up there. Yes siree.

(*Lenny stands up, irritated.*)

Lenny: With your mouth you'd show me.

(*Lenny exits.*)

Father: (*shocked*) Lenny! (*The back door slams; father exits and his voice is heard again.*)

(*He returns to the room and sits dejectedly in his chair, his head down and his hands in his hair.*)

(*Jimmy waddles over to his father and pulls on his shirt.*)

Jimmy: What's wrong, Dad? (*No answer.*)

Jimmy: (*pulling his arm*) What's wrong, Dad?

(*Father picks boy up and sets him on knee.*)

Father: You believe me, don't you, son?

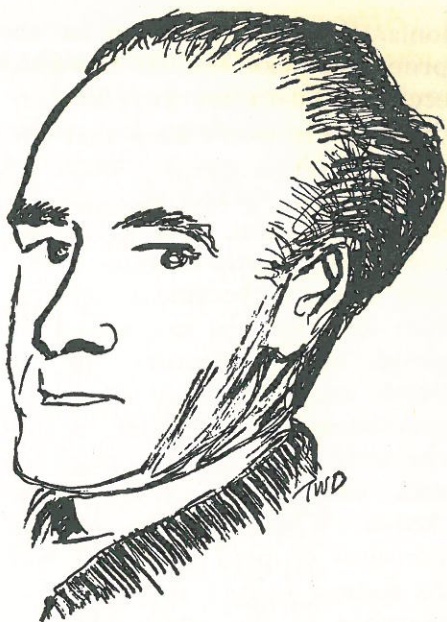
Jimmy: I believe you, Dad.

(*Father rubs beard against Jimmy's face and gently topples him to the floor where they wrestle playfully.*)

IN the Southwest corner of Europe, separated from France by the jagged Pyrenees and from Africa by the Strait of Gibraltar, bordered on the west by Portugal and on the east by the blue Mediterranean stands Spain, alone and withdrawn from the world it once ruled. The world knows little of Spain today. It remembers only fragments of its history veiled in legend — Inquisitorial Spain with its gloomy courts, groaning racks and cries of tortured victims; folkloric Spain with its Cid, its romantic knight tilting at windmills; great Spain with its stout, gold-laden galleons sailing the seas; picturesque Spain with its tiny villages, magnificent cathedrals, dramatic bullrings; bloody Spain with its tanks and planes and brave citizenry embroiled in civil war.

It is this sad picture of a misty and lorn land that Jose Gironello wished to destroy. In his book *The Cypresses Believe in God* he rips aside the shrouding veils, and invites the curious world into the city of Gerona. There he conducts a tour, in and out of the homes, cafes, taverns, schools, and churches; in and out of the minds and hearts of over seventy Spanish citizens wholly engrossed in the business of life. And strangest of all, the host never speaks. The guest sees and hears all; he comes away awed, enlightened and purged by the truth.

The host, Jose Gironello, was born on December 31, 1917, in the province of Gerona in Cata-



The Cypresses and Gironello

by
Cyril M.
Gulassa

lonia. He was educated in the primary school and in the pan-ecclesiastical seminary. There under strict supervision his restless spirit revolted, and at the age of thirteen he walked through the seminary's great iron gates into the gloomy depths of a liquor factory where he became an apprentice. In 1933, he exchanged the gloom of the factory for the bustle and excitement of a grocery store. A year later he quit the store for a job as a page boy and, later, clerk in the Banco Arnus. When, in 1936, political pressures erupted into civil war, he donned helmet and boots and marched to the front where he fought until the war ended in 1939. Returning home across a charred and gutted Spain, he became a wholesale clothier and seller of second-hand books. As he thumbed through the leaves of the battered volumes, he discovered his fascination for old Spanish literature. But the sterile and flaccid creations of contemporary Spain disconcerted him. Modern Spanish literature lacked universality and unity, had abandoned itself to provincialism and the characterization of two dimensional extremes. Worst of all it degenerated into stylism. When, in 1944, he discovered his own talent for writing, he published a long poem entitled "Winter Has Come and You Are Not Here." Inspired by its success he wrote his first novel, *A Man*, which the public acclaimed, and the critics awarded the coveted Nadal prize.

In 1948, feeling cramped in Spain, and longing to explore the continent, he crossed the Pyrenees into France and settled for a while in Paris. In the same year he published another novel, *The Tide*, later translated into French. While in Paris he drove a sand truck and gave chess lessons to tourists from the United States. Since 1949 he has lived entirely by his pen.

IN APRIL of 1953, he submitted a thick manuscript entitled *The Cypresses Believe in God* to the Editorial Planeta of Barcelona and, to his relief, the copy passed with few scars the dreaded blue pencil of the government censor. The presses whirled, and by the end of the month the first edition arrived at the Spanish book stalls. Thirty days later, the first edition was exhausted. But Spanish publishers were not the first to enjoy the bonanza. The previous November, Senor Gironello had submitted the book to a French publisher who quickly translated it and ran off several editions for a receptive public. About the same time he negotiated with Alfred A. Knopf, the American publisher, who immediately commissioned Harriet de Onisto to make an English translation. Two years later, when the two volume edition finally hit the American bookstores, Gironello had achieved international fame.

Catholic critics unanimously extolled the work. The *Commonweal* announced that "the search for a great Catholic novel of contemporary life can end." The

Thomas Moore Association bestowed honors upon Knopf for "making the outstanding contribution to Catholic publishing" in 1955. The criticisms of non-Catholic publications varied: some hailed the book a masterpiece, others labeled it a pathetic blunder. The *Saturday Review of Literature* in one of the most unbiased analyses praised Gironello for his objectivity, dilated on the beautiful description of local customs and masterful control over the climactic scenes of horror, and commented warmly on "the unpretentious but effective prose, and the sense of participation the author's skill gives to the reader."

The *Cypresses Believe in God* is the story of a provincial middle class family living in Spain during the five turbulent years preceding its civil war. It describes the explosion, significance, and scope of the war in minute detail. In a note to the American edition the author writes: "Through a Spanish family of the middle class—the Alvears—and the day-to-day living of a provincial capital—Gerona—I have tried to capture the everyday traits, the mentality, the inner ambiance of my compatriots in all their pettiness and all their grandeur."

THE STORY of "The Cypresses" centers in Gerona, a small Spanish city nestled near the French border, not far from the sea. Its stucco buildings glow in the sun, and the spires of its several churches rise up toward the puffs of lazy clouds that drift in

from the sea. Several cafes and barber shops line the meandering walks. Inside them, men from the city congregate, talk politics, and exchange ideas. Two rivers, the Onar and Ter, wind slowly through the city. On the right bank of the Onar leans one of Gerona's oldest buildings. The second floor of this building, with its two balconies, one overhanging the river, the other the street, creates the tiny, intimate, and impregnable world of the Alvears—Carmen and Matias, and their three children, Ignacio, Cesar, and Pilar.

The queen of the household is Carmen, a dark Basque beauty whose strong faith transforms her darkest days into holy days, and her worst enemies into friends. Because she loves her family with all the intensity of her being, she cannot believe that in heaven the presence of God alone will suffice to make her happy. Possessing boundless energy and strength, she inspires the family and goes through life timing three minute eggs with a whispered Apostle's Creed, listening reverently to all the pious ejaculations of Mosen Alberto, the town's priest and curator of the museum; and making pilgrimages to the hill of calvary which rises dolorously beyond the city limits.

Matias is the king of the household. At one time a republican and anticleric, he met Carmen, rejected all his old beliefs, and became a Catholic. He loved her so intensely that he refused to

believe that death would end everything. Tall, lean but muscular, he sports a black moustache that reflects his humor, and a jutting nose that symbolizes his strength. He works as a telegraph operator, plays dominoes, fishes badly from the balcony overhanging the river, reads the newspapers regularly, and walks about the house wearing a set of ear-phones which trail thirty feet of cord back to his most prized possession, a crystal set.

Ignacio, the Alvear's oldest son, is the protagonist of the novel. Precocious, alert, he struggles with his restless nature and wars with his doubts and fears. He takes the reader along with him as he gropes his way through Spain's darkest days. And his way is difficult—it winds through a seminary, a bank, the homes of different political leaders, through a neighborhood brothel, through churches, and down streets seething with armed fanatics. Swept first one way then another, gripped by despair and wasted by disease, he finally turns to his mother.

Cesar, the next oldest child, looks at the world from a tiny blade of grass to the distant steeples as if it were all a miracle. Tall, with sunken face and incredibly large ears and feet, he prefers a visit to church or pilgrimage to calvary to the delights of the city or sea. As a seminarian wandering through Gerona, he shaves the poor and ill, gathers the children for instruction under one of the city's old walls, and

prays and meditates far into, and sometimes through the night with no signs of fatigue. Mosen Alberto considers him a saint, but Cesar only smiles, denies himself chocolate, and wears his penitent belt.

Pilar is the youngest of the Alvears. Her gaiety, mischievousness and simplicity are a blessing to the entire family. She returns from the convent school each day to interrupt the deep conversations at the supper table with simple chatter. Her glowing vigor, robust health and unaffected charm win her the admiration of everyone. Still a young girl of sixteen, she falls in love with a young Fascist, and proves her love to be as strong, as faithful, as deep as her mother's love for Matias.

These five lives, bound together with love and selflessness, form the core of the story; serving as a unifying focus for dozens of other vividly portrayed characters; and reflecting, through their own immediate actions, the gravity of political events.

LIKE the Spanish mind itself, the story is deep and complex. Gerona, like all Spain, is the confluence of two powerful currents, political instability and unyielding individualism. These two forces ram together with the impact of juggernauts and become so violently integrated that they defy separation. Yet, for the sake of clarity to one unfamiliar with Spanish politics, it is best to separate them: to show first what

happens politically to Gerona, and secondly, what happens to its people, to the Alvears and their friends. Politically, the story begins with an election between the radical Left and the conservative Right. With the city astir and excitement in the air, the voters throng the booths. Senora Alvear casts her ballot for the Right; Senor Alvear, ostensibly voting Right, slips a secret ballot from his sleeve and votes Left. But despite his display of political independence, the Right crushes the Left with an overwhelming victory. Chagrined by the ignominious defeat, the Left stages a revolution. They slip a bomb under the printing presses of the Right's newspaper, and the mangled machinery and type clatter into the streets. The peasants and workers revolt. Then the power lines stop humming, and darkness and silence blanket the city. But by morning the lights flash on, and the radios blare that the Right has scattered the rebels and broken the revolution.

Although the jails at first swarm with prisoners, the iron doors soon swing open and the freed prisoners spill into the streets. The benevolent Right, anxious not to antagonize the belligerents, forgives them all after settling for the life of a taxi driver who has shot a leader of the Right. The Right stumbles along with an antiquated reform program that only bungles matters and enrages the citizens. As discontent rises, the Left quietly

reopens its headquarters. Up to now several dissident factions have comprised the Left, but when the Right sanctions Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, the Leftist factions coalesce into the redoubtable "Popular Front." The "Front" wields propaganda, threats, and lies in order to whip the masses into line for the coming election. On election day they disperse over the city and terrorize the voters. The result is inevitable; the Left wins with an overwhelming majority. After the victory the Front splits wide open as its two main factions, the Anarchists and Communists, scramble for absolute power. When the Anarchists demand their right to experiment socially with Gerona and are refused, they stage a general strike. The other factions laugh at this and quietly suppress the insurrection. But the strike goes underground and Anarchist bombs rock the city. A bomb, at first attributed to the Anarchists and later acknowledged by the Communist party, explodes in the religious museum, demolishing the statues and paintings, and killing the priest's maid. Realizing that the Left constitutes a serious threat to religious freedom, the Right begins plans for its own revolt. In parliament the Monarchist Deputy, Calvo Sotelo, rises gravely from his chair and paints for the world a shocking portrait of Spain since the Front has won control: 400 bombs exploded; 330 killed; 1,511 wounded; 170 churches totally destroy-

ed, 295 partially destroyed; 485 strikes; some 12,000 members of the Right in jail. The Left can not tolerate this minatory finger wagging in its face. The next morning, July 13, the authorities at the East Cemetery find Sotelo dead with a bullet in his neck. The Right, sensing the die is cast, bursts into full scale revolution five days later. Major de Soria with the Falange (Socialists) storms Gerona, wresting control from the Left. But government troops, loyal to the established regime, force Major de Soria to surrender. Immediately the liberated Left retaliates with a bloody persecution. The novel thus ends with Spain convulsed in Civil War.

THE STORY of the people opens in the Alvear living room. The family trembles with excitement; Carmen is weak with joy—all because Ignacio has whispered that he longs to enter the seminary. The day of Ignacio's departure finds the family in the midst of a party. Carmen's little cake soon disappears, but a more permanent commemoration gift stands in the corner—a hatrack.

But at the seminary Ignacio discovers what he had secretly feared. The naked light bulb in his study, the ugly long stockings, his shorn head, his desire to know how life goes on beyond the high seminary walls—all these argue that he has no vocation. He struggles for three years, but the lure of the gay city life proves irresistible. In 1931 telegrams and

newspapers declare the new Republic. Excitement mounts, and Ignacio comes home to tell his stunned family that he will never return to the seminary. But harmony returns to the household when, during the following term, Cesar enters the seminary. Ignacio's sense of guilt vanishes. His father's friend, Julio Garcia, a policeman and later Chief of Police, finds him a job in the Arnus Bank. While running errands and talking with the men in the bank, Ignacio begins to discover Gerona and its people. What impresses him most are the political divergencies of his associates. In the very bank where he works sit socialists, monarchists, communists, and other radicals. Although growing uneasy, Ignacio clings to his faith, and on New Year's Eve, while his companions carouse in the taverns, he enters the cathedral arm in arm with his mother. As the midnight bells carillon, they kneel and kiss the stone floor of the church.

But everything changes when cousin Jose enters Ignacio's life. A young, confident, blatant anarchist, he amazes Ignacio with his volubility and polished manners. Jose smears brilliantine on his hair, douses himself with shaving lotion, consorts with the baggage who solicit the back streets, and incites riots. His intensity and fervor hypnotize Ignacio. And his sacriligious air, his flip-pant remarks about Popes and saints, his insults to Mosen Alberto shock Ignacio, especially

when he discovers like blasphemies rising in his own heart.

WHILE working at the bank Ignacio continues his studies at the local academy. But when he takes the final tests he fails. A professor's defiant refusal to remove a crucifix from a classroom has forced the prejudiced authorities to blackmail the academy. In order not to jeopardize his chances for a bachelor's degree, Ignacio leaves the academy and searches for new instructors. He discovers David and Olga, two socialist school teachers whose sincerity and penchant for truth compensate for their indifference toward Catholicism. He studies diligently under the two while Carmen fears for his wavering faith. One day he visits Julio Garcia's wife, Dona, whose jingling bracelets and languid air fascinate him. He comes away spoiled and disillusioned, and gripped with a fear that tortures him even while he marches in the Easter procession, waving his flaming torch aloft to signal his happy family.

His nervousness grows; political events upset him, and he becomes grumbling and quarrelsome. One day he accuses Mosen Alberto, the priest, of hypocrisy, and when Mosen apologizes for any sins he may have committed, Ignacio shouts: "What do you want to do? wash my feet, like the apostles?" The Alvear household trembles until, later, he apologizes. Then Ignacio wins his degree and proudly displays his gift of a fountain pen at the bank.

That summer he vacations on the coast with David and Olga, meets an aristocratic girl who, for a time, haunts his imagination; and returns, tanned, bearing a gift of anchovies for his mother. But Ignacio still avoids the communion rail, and while the city echoes the first rumblings of revolt, he lusts in La Andaluza's brothel. The Leftist revolt passes, and Ignacio awakes one morning to find himself stricken with venereal disease. His grieved parents abandon him to his darkened room where, eaten with remorse and shame, he recuperates slowly. When strength first returns to his feeble limbs, he creeps painfully from his room, throws his arms around his weeping mother and begs forgiveness. Within a few days he is kneeling before Mosen Francisco, awaiting the sign of the cross that will restore peace to his soul. The enlightening and sympathetic sermon of the saintly priest fires Ignacio with new life. Euphoria swells like a song as he finds his capacity for love, understanding, and humility re-awakened. He plunges vigorously into his neglected law studies. He and Mateo, a fellow law student and leader of the Falange, lock themselves in Ignacio's room and pore over their volumes long after Carmen, Matias, and Pilar are asleep.

THEN love overcomes the political and academic preoccupations of the students and enters their lives. Ignacio finds his ponderous thoughts of law supplant-

ed by the vision of Marta, the handsome, intelligent daughter of Major de Soria. And Mateo soon surrenders to the charms of vivacious Pilar. The two couples grow in love and understanding and seem destined for marriage, when suddenly the maelstrom of political unrest sweeps them up. A fortnight of disaster sets in. Pedro, a communist stonecutter disconcerted by political events, steps over the balcony railing of his home and thuds to his death on the stones of the street. A telegram informs Major de Soria, Marta's father, that his son has been riddled with bullets as he pasted a political poster on a wall. Confusion whirls in everyone's mind when the Pope blesses Mussolini's tanks rumbling en route to Africa. The Left cries "Insult!" and damns the church. As part of their purge of parochial schools they subject the nuns and brothers to rigorous examinations that ultimately disqualify them from teaching. A new law halts the religious processions that once wound so frequently down the city streets. And bombs begin to shatter what little complacency remains.

In the midst of the frightened city the Alvears nurse and feed the hapless victims. Then the dreaded persecution begins. A fanatical horde of Communists under the leadership of Cosme Villa, a former friend of Ignacio, swarms over the Christian Brothers' school. There the giant Teo seizes frail Brother Alfredo and

heaves him through a broken window. Hiding in a corner of the garden, the children watch the flames jut from chapel and convent while the mob disperses.

Then the political machine, without a governor of common sense, and fed with the high octane of bigotry, prejudice, and primitive hate explodes into full scale civil war. Gone are any pretenses of understanding, toleration, rationality; a phantasmagoria of nightmares ensues: mobs surge into the cathedrals and chop, hack, and burn the sacred objects; El Cohol, the vandal, sacrilegiously distributes communion to his cohorts, and dumps the remaining wafers down his friend's back; the Murchians machine gun the nuns praying in the chapel; Murillo with monstrosity aloft leads a mock procession and chants "*Miserere Nobis*;" the gutted churches blaze in the night; the mutilated body of a priest swings from a rope over the village fountain; the squads conduct their nightly purges; the riddled bodies line the country roads; Cesar Alvear, the saint, forgives his enemies even as the bullet pierces his body.

As the book ends abruptly with the harsh note of cracking rifles and exploding bombs, the full significance of the flyleaf quotation sounds home: "From whence are wars and contentions among you? Are they not hence, from your concupiscences, which war in your members?"

ALTHOUGH the novel has ended, the story is yet unfinished. *The Cypresses Believe in God* is actually the first volume of an extensive trilogy whose scope embraces the violent history of Spain just before, during, and after the Spanish Civil War. "The second volume," writes Gironello, "will cover the three years of the Civil War, 1936-39—on both sides, in one region and another, telling what I saw, what I lived through, and what I know. It will be called 'One Million Dead' that being approximately the number who died in Spain including those killed at the front, by bombardment, and behind the lines in both zones. The third volume will be in two parts. In one I shall describe the life of Spain during the period since the war: the other will give the life of the Spanish exiles abroad. The third volume has no title as yet."

The objective evaluation of the Spanish problem in "The Cypresses" has produced an authentic searching of Spanish consciences; has forced impartial criticism and analysis from persons heretofore silent either through prejudice, ignorance, or indifference; and has exposed the Spanish temperament to the whole world. Gironello personally considers the book an answer to the one-sided, folkloric view of Spain presented by Hemmingway, Koestler, Malraux and Bernanos. But he reminds his readers that "The Cypresses" is not a political treatise but a novel

of characters who move on the stage of contemporary Spain.

Like many sensitive writers, Gironello has put much of himself in the novel; but, unlike most writers, he knew exactly when to stop. Neither criticism, nor satire, nor prejudice distract the reader from the story. By concentrating all of his talents, Gironello has created an aesthetic and historical masterpiece that ranks with the best novels of the world.

Gironello is now traveling through Spain in order to fill his voluminous notebooks with facts and ideas for the next two volumes of his trilogy. In addition, he pens articles for the Madrid periodical, *ABC*. These articles, written in a crisp, popular style, have cleared the way to intelligent criticism of domestic shortcomings. When he is not traveling, he lives in Gerona with his wife, Magda Castaner. Shunning all social and political organizations, he spends all of his spare time in his spacious library where he studies the "Spanish problem," Communism, Masonry, Christianity, universal history, and everything relating to these fields.

Spain beams proudly on the first author to achieve international fame for it since the crippling Civil War. And like the *Saturday Review of Literature*, we Americans can only hope that the publishers will "give us more of Gironello."



THE sporadic popularity of Calypso music is becoming more frequent in its outbreaks. The larger recording companies in the United States have made

numerous recordings of native Calypso singers and bands, and, more recently, of musicians from the United States who have developed a watered version of the native music. Some of the American singers ingeniously capture the spirit of the native performers. Such a master is Harry Belafonte, currently the most popular Calypso singer in the United States. Some of his songs he creates himself, others he takes directly from their source—the natives of Trinidad.

Separated from Venezuela by the Gulf of Paria, Trinidad is the southernmost island in the British West Indies. It boasts a population of over 40,000, about one-third of which is native Indian. Spain owned the island

until 1797, when the Treaty of Amiens ceded it to the British. Almost from the beginning of Spanish rule it was a haven for men of many nationalities, a fact which musicologists offer as a possible explanation for some of the unaccountable traits of the native Calypso.

Trinidadians may well be the world's most musical people. Out of prosaic newspaper headlines they create Calypso songs, and out of such unmusical items as oil drums and automobile brake drums they fashion the world's newest musical combo, the steel band.

approaches closer to the truth. The African influence would explain the jerky rhythm of Calypso; the South American influence would account for its unmistakable Latin elements. But critics also tend to shun this theory as incomplete.

The most significant of all the theories is that of Fridenthal. He states that whereas Calypso rhythm originated in Latin America, the musical style itself is Spanish with a basic rhythm pattern that developed from the Habanera. Fridenthal writes: "The melody of the Habanera came out of Middle or Southern

CALYPSO

by Thomas Ryan

There are many theories concerning the origin of the music known as Calypso. Some critics say that it is a direct product of the African influence on the Trinidadian natives. But this viewpoint is no longer accepted because there are too many traits that cannot be explained by any combination of native African rhythms. Another theory of the origin of the music, and one that carries considerably more influence, is the theory that Calypso is a development of African and South American influences. Because this theory deals with the two major traits in Calypso, it

Spain, and the rhythm which accompanies it has its origin in Africa. We therefore have in a way, the union of Spanish spirit and African technique." It is this strange combination of African, Spanish and Native American influences that mystifies the critics. It has, so far, proven to be unaccountable in the matter of its origin. The most that one can state factually concerning the origin of Calypso is that it is, despite the outside influences, a truly native music. It is found only in Trinidad and is held to be a development of native music sung in festival times many years ago.

This would explain the highly sensual elements in Calypso. Indeed the strait-laced British Colonials justly termed early Calypso "vulgar."

THE word "Calypso" has offered almost as mystifying a problem to linguists as has the rhythm to the musicologists. However, the linguists have made some headway here; the following theory is the most widely accepted one. Etymologists believe that Calypso is derived from the patois French word *Carisseaux*. This was a patois word meaning "festival" or "joyous." But since the native Trinidadian found it hard to pronounce the French "r," he corrupted the word *carisseaux* into *calisseaux*. Eventually the jerky rhythm of the music influenced the word and it became shortened to *caliso*. Once again the natives, seeking the easiest pronouncation, shortened the second syllable and the word became *calyso*. The British, not to be outdone by the natives, inserted a more euphonic "p" into the word. The final product is the modern word "Calypso."

There are three major types of instruments used by the Calypso musicians in Trinidad. Skin drums originally accompanied the Calypso singers until the British government outlawed them. The music loving natives immediately countered with "Bamboo-Tamboo" bands. These bands, using only bamboo tubes and sticks as instruments, allowed only a primitive rhythm as accompaniment

to the singers. Eventually the British had to outlaw these also because they were often used for extremely unmusical purposes. Finally there developed the steel bands. These consisted of oil drums and automobile brake drums. Since Trinidad has been for some years the leading producer of petroleum for the British Empire, the natives enjoy a surplus of drums. Painted lines which indicate changes in pitch divide the drum heads and provide the natives with some means of exploiting the musical capacities of the steel containers. Often the natives tone down the harshness of the steel band by wearing leather gloves or by placing felt beneath sections of the drum head.

IT is Calypso's particular style of delivery that is really unique. The use of archaic and synthetic words, the cramming of many syllables into a small space, the importance of rhyming and the free conception of rhyme—all are uniquely characteristic of native Calypso. The songs portray the universal topics of women, drink, and religion, and the somewhat anomalous subject of journalism. These topics divide themselves into three main groups—sensual, religious, and journalistic.

In the first group we find the songs concerning women and drink. The early native singers, restricting their songs almost entirely to this class, improvised satires on the immoral women and drunken men that were so common at festival times. The Ca-

lypso audience would giggle and roar at songs like "Rum and Coca-Cola," and "If You Love Your Man and Your Man Loves You, Lady Enjoy Yourself." Today this tradition of the sensual has tempered somewhat, and now restricts itself to friendly attacks on the ugly faces and questionable morals of the singer's rivals. But such songs as "Brown-skin Girl" and "Yankees Gone," which are frank discussions of the economic distress among women when the American army base is closed, remain unusually popular.

Throughout the history of Calypso there have been songs that deal with religious ideas. Most of these have been expressions of an extremely primitive religion, but lately some have been inspired by Christian Faith. Such songs as "Hosanna" show evident borrowings from Christian thought.

Later the singers, having exhausted the traditional topics, turned to the newspapers and political matters. The trend toward the political stress in Calypso began early in this century. New laws and prohibitions (such as the song class legislation of 1920) by the British Colonial government made it difficult for the native to sing his ballads on drink and immorality. An example of the transition from the sensual to the journalistic and political is the "Gorilla's" comment on the abdication of Edward VIII from the English throne:

*"Believe me friends, if I were king
I'd marry any woman and give*

her a ring.

*I wouldn't give a damn what the
people say*

*So long as she can wash, cook,
and dingolay."*

Some of the new songs were comments on newspaper headlines such as "The Destruction of Hurricane Janet," but the majority of them concerned politics.

The abdication of Edward VIII brought out a typical rash of these songs. The quote above from the Gorilla's song keeps some traces of the sensual element, but the song of the "Caresser" is strictly political:

*"Oh what a sad disappointment
Was that endured by the British
Government . . .*

*On the tenth of December we
heard the talk*

*That he gave the throne to the
Duke of York."*

Lately there has been a strong tendency to shape Calypso into a political force. In 1950 "Attila the Hun" was chosen as King of Calypso. Under his real name, Raymond Tuevedo, he has held office on the Labor Party ticket in the city council of Port of Spain. A master of satire and quick wit, Attila captured the sentiments of the native audience with his prize winning song "Give up the West Indies, Britian." The song is a Swiftian attack on the British government's aloofness and disregard for the natives:

*"In England the people live hap-
pily,*

*They get doctor, medicine, and
dentist free . . .*

*While down here three-quarters
of the population*

*Dying out from disease and mal-
nutrition . . .*

*I'm warning Great Britain, don't
leave us for long*

*Or they'll wake up one morning
and find these islands gone.*

*If they won't help us in our dif-
ficulties,*

*Why don't they give up the West
Indies?"*

*I don't think I am so loyal today
I don't mind this island being
taken by the U.S.A.*

*The one thing at least I feel con-
fidently*

*We would sing our native songs
in tranquility."*

TODAY the Calypsonians of Trinidad sing their songs throughout the year, and for a few dollars tourists can have themselves described in an impromptu ballad. However, the real Calypso comes in a short period of two days. These two days immediately preceeding Lent are the Trinidadian Mardi Gras. By the first day of festival, the contenders for the title "King of Calypso" have already gathered in Port of Spain. At 6 a.m. the festival begins and steel bands dance into the streets, their music sounding like a giant mandolin playing a pretty tune. Some thump bamboo sticks on the ground or whack smaller sticks

together in the air creating a rich polyrhythmical sound that captivates all of Port of Spain. Out of the sheet iron and board "Calypso tents" come the singers, and the whole procession moves on to the stadium. There, all day and all night the singers ridicule one another or sing of a world event of particular interest. Throughout the whole contest they never repeat a song. As the singers begin to tire, judges are selected at random from the audience and a "King of Calypso" is chosen. This choice, however, is not final; there still remains the day of street dancing. This later stage is actually the hour of the steel band, and as the bands vie for popular favor the feverish tempo of the festival never slackens. Finally the judges crown the king. The winner is "The Gorilla," "Mighty Sparrow," "Small Island Pride," "Roaring Lion," or some other imaginatively titled master of Calypso.

If only on the basis of originality, Calypso deserves the universal popularity it has won. But it has even greater significance to man. As a product of an unschooled race transmuting its domestic problems, its hates, fears, and loves into song, Calypso presents an example to the world—a classic example of a people who, rather than quarrel or fight, sing their troubles away.

ROSCOE

by
**George
Troha**



I*N the midst of a rolling meadow, green with the newness of spring, saturated with an exotic perfume of blooming flowers, alive with the sonorous serenade of leaves prattling in the wind, tranquil as the movement of the passing clouds except for the pianissimo chant of the birds and the occasional fluttering of a solitary descending leaf, there strolled a boy and a girl. Hand in hand they sauntered through the glossy meadow, joined arms swinging contentedly in a rhythmic arc.*

She was light and gay and beautiful. Ah, the luster of her gold, dainty curls, tip-toeing on the teasing breezes, sparkling wild-

ly with the sun! One sweet, lone curl dangled jocundly upon a tanned forehead which was as smooth and creamy as melting chocolate. Blue, innocent eyes beneath golden eyebrows enchanted, hypnotized her swooning companion. That deep blue sea enveloped and overwhelmed the willing victim. He reached his arm around her soft, slim waist and leaned his lips closer to her tiny, rosy lips . . .

"ROSCOE!"

The green of the meadow became the black of the blackboard and the touch that should have been on the lips was the sandy sensation of a hand grasping for hair of a short crew cut. Roscoe looked up into the large blue eyes of Father Gilbert and gave forth such a contented, pleasant smile that father could not understand its meaning. The sinewy hand of Father Gilbert clutched firmly the neck of Roscoe, communicating to the boy that this was no meadow and that father had dull gray eyes. The hand tightened painfully, and giggling pervaded the classroom.

"I asked you a question, Roscoe. When I ask a question I want an answer."

"Yes, father." Roscoe's voice was a little more strained and higher than usual.

"Well?"

"I'm sorry father, but I wasn't paying attention." Breathing became more difficult as the pres-

sure increased with the giggling.

"Ah ha . . ." The words were drawn out in cruel fashion.

"Tell him what the question was, Sam."

THE smiling Sam suddenly colored as he looked at father's broad back and Roscoe's protruding tongue. It reminded him that he too had not heard the question. That saved Roscoe. He breathed freely as father turned his rough-house tactics on Sam. The bell soon ended the bout.

The outcasts of English literature joined outside the high school to walk home together.

"What was that question, Sam?"

"Darned if I know. I was sleepin'."

"He sure does have a grip, you know, Sam."

"I'll say he does. And how."

Sam gently favored his sore vertebrae. "I'm glad this is Friday."

"Are you going to the freshman picnic tomorrow, Roscoe?"

"You have to have a date, you know." Roscoe smirked. "Yep, I'm goin' all right."

Sam seemed surprised to hear this.

"Who are you taking?"

"Carol Delveaux," Roscoe said proudly.

"Carol Delveaux? Wow! How did you ever get a date with her?" Sam emphasized the "you."

"I just asked her and she said she'd be glad to go." Roscoe emphasized the "glad."

"She's really neat." Sam was about to elaborate on this neatness when his brother's car stop-

ped to pick him up.

"Want a ride Roscoe?" asked Sam.

"No thanks, Sam; it's only a few blocks. I'll walk."

"See you tomorrow then."

"Carol Delveaux? Wow!" Sam added these words as he closed the car door.

Roscoe had sound reasons for wanting to walk. Tomorrow was his first date in high school with a real live girl. (This last statement needs explanation. You see, Roscoe had many dates, but they were all phantasy. He had romanced many women, lived many adventures, done many noble things. This is why Roscoe wanted to be alone and why he often preferred solitude to companionship.)

As he strolled on, his steps grew slower and the real sidewalk vaguer; he thought once again of the things that would happen on the morrow and of how beautiful she was.

HER fluffy, white dress whirled amidst the early morning breezes. Her white blouse made her tan all the more emphatic as she entered his car to go to Mass. When the couple entered the church that morning all eyes turned in silent admiration. What a fine couple they make was the inaudible assertion. He let her in the pew first and then knelt beside her. With his prayer book before him, his head high, his eyes penetrating and noble and peaceful in their deep contem-

plation, he knelt enraptured in prayer. And every so often his simple angelic partner stole a loving glance at him and acknowledged his holiness. At communion he let her politely out of the pew first, and again the congregation turned their vision simultaneously on this perfect couple. Piously they returned, unaware of the admiring glances.

After Mass, in the restaurant, the gentlemanly Roscoe held her chair for her and gently pushed it in for her after she sat down. He ate manfully but neatly. She nibbled sparingly and sipped daintily of her coffee. Someone walked up to him and asked him a question, and with the air and earnestness of an English Peer he gravely and cleverly answered as his partner wondered at such sagacity.

ROS COE did not hear Mrs. McGowan apologize from the second floor for shaking the dust mop on him. Come to think of it, he didn't notice the dust. The next house was his and his little brother, Shorty, was waiting for him to play catch. Fantasy vacationed while Roscoe played with Shorty.

At the dinner table the conversation was dominated by Roscoe's father and Shorty. Mother listened tolerantly to the little league talk. And Roscoe? Roscoe, with his fork full of spaghetti was churning up the ground with magnificent speed after having hit a slashing line drive which no

one would have dared to even try to catch.

THE dust scurried as Roscoe slid powerfully into home, chopping the huge catcher down at the knees and scoring the winning run. With dust in his eyes and sweat on his brow Roscoe looked up into the worshipping gaze of Carol. They walked together to the picnic table and sat across from each other while eating. Both lovers ate in lethargy. And after the meal they wandered off by themselves and found a marvelous old tree with low hanging boughs glowing with blossoms. The fragrance was exciting and romantic. They seated themselves under the tree, he with his head on her lap and she smiling down at him and rubbing her nimble fingers through his bristled hair. There they planned a future, a beautiful picture of man and wife and lovely children in a nice home. He, as a great doctor with a brilliant future, treated his wife as a queen. As they dream on she planted a soft kiss upon his forehead and he pressed her hand. . . . as the fork clanged on the plate, shattering the dream and the conversation.

"**R**OSCOE, will you be more careful?"

"Yes Dad."

Roscoe consumed the remainder of the meal and joined in the conversation with his father and brother.

The evening passed with some

studying intermingled with sporadic journeys to unreality, with some television, and finally with a bed time snack.

Then, in bed, with his hands folded behind his head, life took on its beautiful savor again. The moon shone through the window onto his bed. He hoped that same moon might beam as brightly and as glamorously on the following eve . . .

A friendly fire cast its redness on the faces around the fire. Above, the moon was visible between the leaves of the trees. Carol and Roscoe were sitting together in the center of the group. The moment was ethereal—the red on Carol's face, the crackling of the flames. Softly was heard the amorous voice of Roscoe as he sang into the devoted eyes of Carol. The others hummed along with the tune which Roscoe led so dramatically. The melody ended with Roscoe holding her close and pressing his lips to hers . . .

ROSCOE pictured the kiss again, prolonged it, endeavored to preserve it as he hummed "If I Loved You." With this delightful termination his fantasies merged into the deeper fantasy of sleep.

With a bound next morning he was out of bed and dressed. After brushing his hair carefully and making sure every visible spot of his body was perfectly clean, he sprayed some deodorant beneath his arms and treated his beardless

face to after shave lotion. He practiced his smile in the mirror before he left, and noticed that the left side of his face was the more handsome. And then the day began.

He picked Carol up at her house and to his delight she had on a white, fluffy skirt. The blouse was red, but red too is a wonderful color. The many sayings he had prepared for their first meeting of the morning would not come out of him, and all he could utter was an unromantic,

"Hi, Carol."

She responded with a screechy, "Hi Roscoe."

At Mass he did not even feel holy, and the rattling of her rosary quite disturbed his deep contemplation. As for her looking at him, she looked everywhere else but at him and when she did, it was because she wanted him to move in order that she might get out to go to communion, which had really slipped his mind. He toddled unmajestically after her and repeated the process with less langour on the return. The day was off to a woeful start.

At breakfast he did remember to help her with her chair, but as he started around the table to do so she had already pushed herself in and regarding him perplexedly as he awkwardly stood there. And to add to his embarrassment she reminded him that on his cheek he had a piece of egg. He quickly rubbed it off. Reality was confronting him with a wicked sor-didness.

As for talking, the poor boy had all he could do to edge in a word as she rambled on about Elsie, and Mary and Tom and how they weren't going steady anymore, and all other topics to her interest. He was quite lost as to what to do or how to look when she turned on her chair to talk to the girl behind her. Besides this he noticed that she had a slight mar in her complexion. Gradual disappointment and regret were creeping into an unexpected portrait of the day.

He did manage to do well in the baseball game, having gotten most of the runs for his team; but Carol was not there watching. Actually he did not know where she was. He found her with a few of the other girls, talking with some strange boys: she didn't want to go for a walk, but wished instead to play horse shoes, which they did. Incident after incident provoked him into thinking that it was quite possible that she was not in love with him. The feeling was becoming a mutual one as evening approached. There was a fire and a moon that night, but someone had to get the wood. When he finally settled down beside her his hands were sooty and he did not dare touch her in front of everyone else. Besides, he was tired. He longed for home and his bed. When he finally drove her home, the evening ended with an insincere,

"I had a wonderful time." And his, "I'll see you, Carol."

Not so much as a peck on the cheek. Roscoe was just too bashful.

Home was a welcome place that night. He toppled into bed, tossed and turned frettingly for a while, then lay back with his hands folded behind his head.

THERE he was, the wealthy handsome, successful young doctor, still unmarried. Admired

by every young belle in town, the most eligible bachelor throughout the county. Completely unaware of women and indifferent to them, absorbing himself entirely in a great career! And as he walked into Church with his mother on Sunday, there among the unnoticed was Carol, regretting bitterly her former attitude toward the handsome young doctor.

Passer Mortuus Est

Cupido und Venus—s'ist Ihnen so schwer!
Die Tränen fliesen—Ihr Spatz ist nicht mehr.
Denn Liebling war er jed' lieblichem Kinde,
Den der Tod fest hält nun wie die Blätter die Winde.

Sie sind trostlos wie Lieblinge sind!
Kannte er doch beide wie Mutter das Kind.
Und huepft er herum, nie verliesz er das Læppchen
Und zirpte derweil nur zum einzigen Mædchen.

Nun ist er im Schatten des dueteren Orcus.
Da gibt's keine Rueckkehr zu Cupid und Venus.
O, verächtlicher Orcus! So peinlich der Tag,
Du hast mir den Liebling genommen fuerwahr'!

Tod, Du Schrecklicher, warum schontest du nicht
Meiner Tränen so viele—mein Herz mir fast bricht!

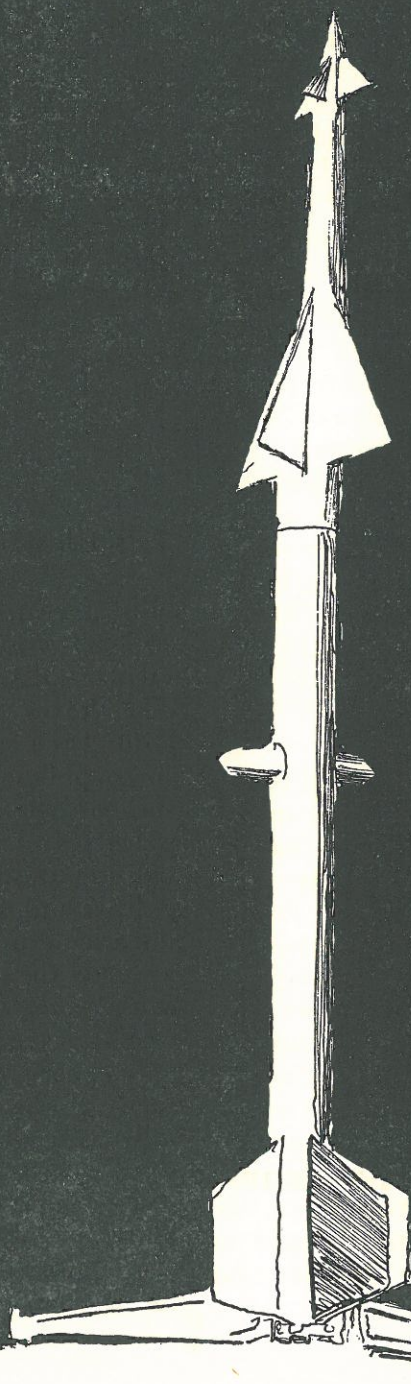
by James J. Johann

REDSTONE

by
Thomas DeMint

It's fall now, down in the Alabama Appalachians. The foothills around Huntsville (Pop. 15,000) are erupting into spectacular splashes of autumn color. The leaves are accumulating around the court house where the town philosophers debate the issues of the day. They talk of space travel and intercontinental ballistic missiles now, instead of politics and the weather. You see, historic Huntsville has recently assumed the name "Rocket City," as the home of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency.

Six years ago, when the Department of the Army chose Huntsville as a site for Redstone Arsenal, their missile center, the town underwent a revolution. Natives of this picturesque southern community found they had a lot of new neighbors. The Army



DeMINT

moved one hundred German scientists and their families to Huntsville. These missilemen formed the nucleus of Uncle Sam's infant project. Twelve years ago these new citizens were enemy scientists on the mysterious Baltic peninsula of Peenemunde, a target yank bombers had longed to get in their sights. Today these people are Americans, glad to be alive, thankful that they are free. But mostly they are just glad to be Americans.

Huntsvillians do not regard their congenial citizens as Germans, but as just fellow townsmen and good neighbors. When these newcomers received their citizenship in a mass swearing-in several years ago, it was a time of rejoicing for this entire southern community. It was a happy moment for the new citizens, too. It meant the beginning of a new chapter in the lives of these families.

DR. Wernher von Braun, forty-three, and dean of the missile development center, was happy. He had come a long way since the summer of 1944 at Penne-munde with its V-2 rockets. Although the war was coming to a close, and the Russians were dangerously near, the Fuhrer had given instructions for the scientists to remain at the stations. This did not make sense to von Braun and his associates. By a daring ruse, master-minded by von Braun, the Peenemunde scientists escaped to Bavaria with their families and

equipment packed in box cars and trucks. Had they been intercepted anywhere along the hazardous journey, their execution would have been quick.

What happened from those violent days to the present is a military secret, but some few items are known. American authorities had knowledge of the impending escape of the scientists and were conscious that they were far behind in rocket research. So when von Braun and his comrades offered their talents to the cause of the free world, Uncle Sam readily accepted. The President and the State Department looked the other way when operations were arranged for the safe flight of the rocket men. The objectives warranted the procedure.

Soon the POP's—"Prisoners of Peace"—as they called themselves, grew in number as more were cleared into the country with von Braun's help. In those days, building of missiles was new to us, and we had only limited facilities at Fort Bliss, Texas. Here the Germans, with some misgivings, found their first home. But American hospitality is not known to leave newcomers "in the cold," and by the time Christmas came around, the Fort Bliss personnel did not give their new friends time enough to be homesick.

TODAY it is a different story at Redstone Arsenal. To the casual observer, there is nothing unusual about a yellow, one-story building that sprawls unobtrusively on the chilling Alabama

countryside. Little does he realize that behind those gaudy walls come ideas and designs for space travel that would take Buck Rogers' breath away.

"Crash," Army Ordnance's nickname for the new speed-up program in missile research is designed to produce 1,500 mile intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBM). This new plan is under the supervision of Major General John B. Medaris who has just succeeded Brigadier General H. N. Toftoy. It was Toftoy who was responsible for bringing the Germans to the U. S. "I wanted to bring three hundred," he said, "but I was limited to one hundred." Toftoy and Medaris consider their Redstone scientists the "world's best group for surface-to-surface ballistic missiles."

The newcomers to Huntsville have proved themselves as much an asset to the town as to their project. In fact, most Americans could take a lesson in government participation and city functions from these missile folk who do not take for granted their new-found Democracy. Young Walter Wiesman, von Braun's administration expert is a public relations officer's dream come true. Off the job, Wiesman has served as State chairman of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, general chairman of the Huntsville Community Concert Association, publicity chairman for the Red Cross, and vice-president of the Huntsville Civic Club. Hannes Leuhr-

sen, an ex-city planner in Germany, laid out Huntsville's new four lane highway. He brought an end to Huntsville's traffic problem by designing a by-pass for the city. That all work and no play makes a scientist a dull boy is a well known fact to these men. Von Braun, the key man in the whole development project, is an avid skin diving enthusiast. Walter Burose, von Braun's structural engineer from Berlin, finds time to sail his cabin cruiser as a member of the Huntsville Yacht Club. He dubbed his proud craft "The Last Dollar," because he says that is what it took to buy it.

With people like these men for neighbors, no wonder Huntsville proudly boasts of its Rocket City. After all, if a power mower will not start, how many people can call over a world-famous rocket expert from next door to see what is wrong? But as far as understanding the complex problems with which their neighbors struggle, Huntsvillians perceive little more than a fiery missile burning through the starry heavens.

EVER increasing communities across the nation are getting a look at the product of the research of these missile experts. "Nike," "Honest John," and "Wac Corporal" are being installed at various strategic spots such as heavily populated cities, industrial centers, and military installations.

Hardly a day goes by that private industry does not offer

one of von Braun's men a bigger paying joy (their present salary is between \$10,000 and \$14,000). But Hannes Leuhrsen pointed out other factors which help compensate for their pay. "We have been together for a long time. All the human things enter in, too—homes we have bought, friends we have made in school and church, yes, even fiancées." Another associate of von Braun added, "it's loyalty that keeps us here. We are loyal to him, loyal to America, and loyal to our task on the Redstone Missile; we must complete it."

THE REDSTONE scientists feel sure of success. But at the present, certain technical obstacles block their progress. The terrific weight of rocket engines must be cut down to increase operational efficiency. "We are now fighting for percentages," says von Braun.

Aiming presents as much as fifty percent of the problem, although potential targets would be whole cities. Redstone laboratories are intensifying a search for a metal to cover the missile warhead. Since the intercontinental ballistic missiles travel at altitudes of one hundred miles, they soar well out of our atmosphere. The rocket falls back to

earth at a speed of fifteen thousand miles per hour, a fall which creates such a terrific heat when passing into the earth's heavier atmosphere that the missile burns up like a meteor in the twenty second period of intense heat. There is no easy solution to such problems of these space projectiles and rockets. But the problem of developing a defense is even greater. The goal of Redstone scientists is guided missile warfare between aggressor missiles and defending rockets at altitudes of one hundred miles and more—all taking place in a period of ninety seconds.

Is all this too fantastic to be realized? Von Braun says, "In this business, anything is possible." Thanks to men like von Braun and Army Ordnance, America need not sleep with one eye open to the skies. Her "fast draw" is ready and waiting. Yet the men from Redstone are thinking of far more beneficial goals than war machines. The Redstone scientists are by no means a war-minded group. They are constantly building stepping stones to man's conquest of space, with their knowledge of rockets. But it will still be a while until you can make reservations for the first moon-bound ship.

Where There's an Itch

Hanley Science
Essay Award, 1956

By LAWRENCE PENNING

WE are told that "God made the beasts of the earth . . . and everything that creepeth thereon according to its kind." Then God made man. Since that time of beginning however, man seems to have become too intimately associated with the things "that creepeth thereon." As far back as history can take us, man has been plagued with creeping, crawling things.

Worms of one variety or another have always carried annoying and often painful connotations when considered in their role of invaders and inhabitants of the various regions of the body of man. The pin worm is one of the worst offenders of the privacy of man. It was known to the Greeks as Askapis. Since their time it has been known by a multitude of names. Some names, such as "seat worm" and "awl tail," are indicative of its most apparent site of irritation. Other names are attempts to describe this pest in its physical appearance; for example, "thread worm" and "pin worm." Science itself has ascribed at various times, diverse names to this worm. Current classification vacillates somewhat between *Enterobius vermicularis* and *Oxyuris vermicularis*, the latter being favored in popular writing.

The pin worm, *Oxyuris ver-*

micularis, if nothing else can be said for it, is at least democratic. Investigators, while pursuing the extent of the infestation of man with this parasite, have estimated that at any one time throughout the world, better than 209 million persons are infected. The worm refuses to pay any attention to race, creed or color. It infects wherever it is given a chance. It is particular in one thing only, in that it just does not infect animals.

The main factor in its distribution appears to be the personal habits of man. Chief among the factors which seem to affect the personal sanitary habits of man throughout the world is the climate. Man's sanitary habits usually become increasingly lax with a corresponding rise in temperature. Paradoxically, as it may appear at this point, in the genuinely tropical zones where as little clothing as the local custom permits is worn, this undesired parasite is not nearly so effective in establishing itself in man.

ONE dominant group is the richest site of infection, as many a worried parent has discovered. Children in their unknowing ways are by far the most frequently infected. The infection produced by this worm is termed oxyuriasis. Oxyuriasis has

its lowest incidence in nursing and clinging babies, becomes higher in children from the ages of two to five years, and reaches its maximum occurrence in children of school age. Some indications also show that boys are slightly more prone to oxyuriasis than girls.

Considering the worm itself, it is quite small and much like the tiny thread or pin that its customary names indicate. Both the male and the female are slightly spindle shaped. The male is about 2-5mm. in length and the female is slightly larger, being 8-13mm. long. The eggs of the female *Oxyuris* are microscopic in size, adding greatly to their ability to escape common notice. When the eggs are just about ready to hatch, they contain what is judged to be the infective stage larva. At this time the eggs are elongated and ovoid.

In order to understand the life cycle of *Oxyuris*, it is necessary to visualize the route of the worm through the digestive tract of man. The digestive tract of man is a tube of varying diameter with numerous loops and convolutions. It begins at the mouth and ends at the anus. With the application of names to successive lengths of this tube, an easier insight into the life pattern of *Oxyuris* will be obtained.

The infective stage larvae enter the intestinal tract, in the eggs, by way of the mouth. These eggs are then swallowed down the esophageal portion of the intes-

tinal tract to the stomach. The rhythmic contractions of the stomach muscles carry the maturing eggs toward the lower portions of the intestine. In the duodenal portion of the tract immediately following the stomach, the eggs hatch and the larvae are set free. The immature worms then travel through the next portion of the small intestine, the jejunum, maturing as they go. The maturing worms molt twice during this portion of the journey. Upon reaching the final portion of the small intestine, the ileum, the now mature worms mate. The male worm dies shortly after mating. The female worm passes on through the ileum to the pouch-like caecum at the very beginning of the large intestine. At the deep end of the caecal pouch in man, the appendix is found. The female attaches herself into the mucosa layer of the wall of the caecum and there awaits the development of the eggs in her uterus.

MAN is so used to thinking of eggs by the dozen, that the capacity of such a minute worm may seem somewhat astonishing. Various investigators have counted the eggs present in a single female worm. Totals ranging from approximately 4500 to almost 17,000 have been obtained. As such an extremely large number of eggs begin to grow in such a small worm, they gradually fill the available internal space, the uterus being quite expandible. With the ever more increasing

mass of eggs, considerable pressure is developed on the other internal structures of the worm. Ultimately the pressure proceeds to force the worm to release her hold on the caecal mucosa and continue her journey toward the anus.

During the remainder of the migration, the female passes down the lower large intestine and the rectum, and out through the anus. As her nature would have it, the female usually makes this exodus at night. Upon entering the cool night air the female is stimulated to release her burden of eggs. The depositing of the eggs is accomplished while the female crawls about in sinuous paths on the anal and perianal skin. The embryos in the eggs now present on the anal and perianal skin are in the infectious stage. A complete re-enactment of the life cycle will be accomplished if and when these eggs are swallowed. If an already-infected person is so unfortunate as to swallow these eggs, such a person is subjected to a process known as auto-reinfection. This process is the key to the persistent annoyance of the oxyuris infection.

THE whole journey which has just taken place, lasted from two to seven weeks. With this simple view of the journey in mind, a more specific account of the external mode of transmission of the infection and its symptoms will be given.

During the above described

journey the body of the host, man, has been reacting to the varying degrees of annoyances produced. Beginning with the deposit of the infectious stage eggs on the anal and perianal skin, the painful, personal aspects of the infection are induced. The serpentine path traced by the female worm arouses an intense anal itch known medically as *pruritus ani*. Where there is an itch, there is usually an accompanying tendency to scratch. Since, however, man is a gregarious being and leads most of his waking life in the presence of his fellow man, the scratching of such an itch as this whenever it occurs is by the very nature of its location quite impossible. This social prohibition, however, is not too rigidly observed by children. The naive state of children renders them little worry about social decorum. So they scratch. With the scratching, the eggs which have been deposited about the anus become lodged under the finger nails. Some inherent phenomena seems apparently to cause children's fingers to make innumerable trips to their mouths throughout the course of the day and night. In this procedure is contained the major route by which the infectious stage eggs are transmitted to the mouth and subsequently swallowed. This also serves to indicate why children are the most frequently infected. Besides the children themselves, the most susceptible person is the mother, due to her natural close association with

her children.

Naturally enough, not all of the several thousand eggs remain on the skin about the anus. Due to the worm's habit of migrating out at night, numerous eggs become detached and infest the bedding and the sleeping apparel. In large families, where two or more of the children may sleep together, the bedpartners are in danger of mutual infection. Those who make the beds are also liable to infection by breathing in eggs which at that same time become inadvertently tossed into the air. Since the eggs are so small and negligible in weight, they are liable to be found anywhere in the room from floor to ceiling. House-flies are also believed to be able to transport the eggs, contaminating, among other things, food. Foods, however, are not as great a problem as might be suspected. The eggs cannot survive for more than a few hours at temperatures above the normal temperature of the human body. Nor can the eggs remain viable for more than two or three days at freezing temperatures. Thus cooked and frozen foods may be assumed to be safe. Those foods, however, which are kept in a cool, moist condition as to be eaten whole, are most apt to be carriers of the eggs. Fruits should therefore be given particular attention in a home where one or more of the family is infected with oxyuriasis.

THERE is one other mode of infection that may occur. In

relatively infrequent cases it happens that the eggs on the skin surrounding the anus are given sufficient time and appropriate temperatures and actually hatch where they lie. The young worms, instead of being swallowed, migrate back up into the intestine by way of the anus. This form of infection is termed retro-infection.

With the general modes of transmission described, particular attention may be devoted to the harmful effects produced by the worm in and on the body of man. In the first instance, as was noted above, an intense anal itching may develop. If the irritation is severe enough the infected individual may scratch open sores into the anal skin. Such sores may become further contaminated by fecal material. If this intense itching persists for a sufficient time it may, by its very presence, produce various types of nervous disorders. These irregularities may be peculiar to children, e.g., picking at the nose, and bed wetting; or they may be those found in all age groups of infected persons, e.g., general nervousness, poor appetite and nausea. Highly unusual disorders have also occurred. One instance is recorded of a six year old girl who developed the habit of eating great quantities of her clothing, and continued until the worms were eradicated. In females also a mild type of hysteria may be produced. Other individuals may feel a general sense of conspicuousness and

shame which may be developed by the occasional recourse to relief by means of scratching which sometimes occur in semi-public surroundings.

IN further recalling the course of the life cycle, more of the characteristics of oxyuriasis become apparent. Earlier it was stated that the developing worms attach themselves to the mucosa layer of the wall of the cecum. The worms, accomplishing this attachment by biting into the tissue, create minute, open wounds. During their period of development, the worms are feeding on the materials present in the intestine. The excretory materials produced by the worms during their normal metabolism, penetrate into the open wounds they have created. This contamination produces minute ulcerations and inflammations of the intestinal wall. The excreted substances may also act as poisons on certain individuals if they gain access to the blood stream. The open sores may act as portals of entry for pathogenic bacteria, thereby producing varieties of diseases and complications. Some worms may attach themselves to the mucosa of the appendix. In many cases, accompanying bacterial attack in this structure will produce appendicitis. The destruction of the mucosa layer of the cecum may also expose the endings of the sympathetic nervous system. Such an exposure, if occasioned, will give rise to serious reflex symptoms. By the very presence of

these worms in the cecum, the body is stimulated to secrete large amounts of mucous from the secretory cells of the intestinal tract. If the young worms are present in large numbers, they may form balls with this mucous. In certain instances these mucous balls make an occlusion in the intestine through their accumulation at the caecal pouch.

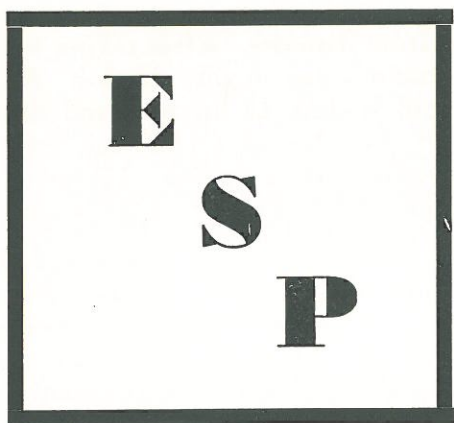
As is somewhat indicated by the outflow of mucous, the body is not idle under the attack of the worm. In addition to the mucous, the waste excretions of the worms stimulate the defense mechanisms of the body to form antibodies. The antibodies in this case are known as precipitins. These precipitins combine with the waste excretions pouring from the orifices of the worms to form solid precipitates. These precipitates collect in the orifices of the worm and in many cases obstruct the proper functioning of the worm's metabolism. If this obstruction is extensive enough, the worm dies. In just how many instances this type of internal defense is brought into action is not certain. In any case, whether by force of numbers, or by non-precipitin stimulating attachment, a sufficient number of worms usually remains present to complete the life cycle.

THE medicines that man has used over the centuries to rid himself of this worm are a topic all in themselves. The medicines of the ancients were most probably herbs of various natures. The

medicines of the last fifty years, however, hold particular interest in the treatment of this devilish infection. One of the oldest remedies of our century is garlic. The main principle of this treatment seemed to be to give the garlic to the infected person until either he or the worms gave up. Even more disturbing was the drug Santonin. Santonin was a controversial drug even among doctors. Some physicians described it as the best cure, while others claimed that it need never be given. The patients seemed to favor the latter attitude. Santonin virtually produced a lost weekend. Bad headaches, dizziness, and curious visual phenomena resulted from its use. Twenty years ago both carbon tetrachloride and gentian violet were in common use. The use of gentian violet persists until today even though its users are somewhat prone to spells of vomiting. With the advent of more effective chemotherapeutics and modern antibiotics, near certain relief is in view for the sufferers of this infection. Predominant among the present day treatments are those including terramycin and piperazine compounds. Both of these agents are still somewhat expensive, yet their effectiveness is rapidly proving their overall worth. No standard treatment with either terramycin or the piperazine derivatives has been adapted as of yet. Two types of administrative plans

are under experimental use. The first is a three week plan whereby a prescribed number of milligrams of the specified drug per pound of body weight is taken daily for seven days. Then seven days are allowed to lapse and the dosage is then once more repeated for another seven days. In the other plan a specified dosage is taken only six or seven days with no repetition. Thus far experimental results have shown the citrate and phosphate piperazine compounds to be the most effective in both types of plans. In order to be sure that the worms have been successfully eradicated, the treated person is examined by means of the scotch tape applicator test for three consecutive weeks after the termination of the treatment.

Older authors used to claim that soap and water was the best cure for oxyuriasis, since the eggs apparently cannot live in this medium. More recently, a suggestion has been made that houses be abandoned with the radiators turned up high enough to kill the worms with heat. Any method chosen to rid man of this pest is at present difficult, tedious, or expensive. Children have to be constantly watched, their hands washed and their fingernails cut. No matter how effective the drug or how good the sanitary conditions, it seems as though man will be infected with these worms as long as he obeys that impulse to scratch.



IN one of the rooms which comprise the psychical research laboratory of Duke University, the doctors often engage their subjects in a game of cards as simple in principle as a child's guessing game. The doctor, who acts as a dealer, retreats behind a large screen. There he draws cards from a deck in his hand while the subject, on the other side of the screen, attempts to guess what symbol appears on each card. Unlike the conventional poker deck, this special clinical deck consists of twenty-five cards broken up into five suits, each suit represented by a symbol. The subject's part in the game seems easy; he merely guesses which of the five symbols appears on the card the doctor is currently holding in his hand. If the subject scores more than five correct guesses, the doctor smiles with satisfaction. If, perchance, the score tallies ten or fifteen correct guesses, the doctor scurries for his voluminous notebooks in which he makes elaborate calculations. When he finishes, he in-

variably suggests another game, and continues the seeming play until the tired subject demands a rest.

Why should the men spend time playing such an apparently pointless game? Why should the "score" of the game stir the doctor. The two men are attempting to establish scientifically the existence of clairvoyance. Clairvoyance is the power to know an action or situation without the use of the senses. Akin to it is telepathy, the transference of facts and emotions from one mind to another without sensual communication. Psychologists group clairvoyance and telepathy under the name extrasensory perception or, briefly, ESP. Psychologists who deal with such psychic matter are called parapsychologists (para means beyond; hence, beyond psychology).

Only within the last thirty years have parapsychologists tested ESP phenomena under laboratory controlled conditions. The usual and familiar sources of information consists of the testimony of ordinary people who have had strange and mystifying experiences. A person, for example, feels a sudden, firm conviction that a loved one in a distant place too far for ordinary communication is in danger. Later, the person finds that the loved one actually was in danger at the

By Urban Thobe

same time the conviction arose.

C. R. COHEN, writing in a national magazine, tells a story that is typical in its single events, but unusual as a whole. When the writer was about twelve years of age, he and a friend capsized in a skiff during a storm in Charleston Harbor. After they righted the skiff, Cohen was seized with such violent fright that he shook for a half an hour. Fortunately, a larger boat which was heading in to shore pulled their boat to safety. Hours later when Cohen arrived home, calm and dry, he showed no signs of his experiences. Since he was late for lunch, his father asked him what had happened to him. After a little prodding, Cohen told his story. When he finished, his father revealed that at the time of the incident his mother had feared for his safety.

Later, after young Cohen had entered college, he severely injured his knee during football practice. The next day he was shocked to find his mother and father waiting for him in his room. The day before, at the time of the injury, Mrs. Cohen received a danger flash and persuaded Mr. Cohen to drive out to the campus to discover what had happened. Then, more incidents of "super" communication occurred between mother and son. After graduation, Cohen found a temporary job as an engineer in the Alabama hills. His sole duty was to measure at regular intervals the depth and flow of a stream at a

future dam site. After taking the reading one night, he lost the trail leading to his tent and slid off the edge of a cliff that projected over a ravine. He saved himself by clinging to the sturdy branch of a scrub tree. Once settled in his tent again, he trembled as he recalled the crash of his lantern shattering on the rocky ravine bottom a hundred feet below his dangling legs. The next day an orderly rushed to Cohen's tent with a telegram from his mother asking what had happened. Just as before she had experienced strange fear at the time of his accident.

A few years later Cohen received his first danger flash from his mother. Now married and living in France, he had a premonition that something was wrong with his mother back in the states. He sent a telegram, tactfully asking about things at home and received a comforting reply. Only after he returned home did he learn that his father had suffered a heart attack which severely frightened his mother. Since she did not want to worry her son about his father's condition, she decided not to tell him. The last instance of super communication between Cohen and his mother concerns the illness preceding her death. At home one quiet evening in Birmingham, Alabama, he suddenly felt that his mother in distant Charleston was in need of help. When he telephoned, an astonished nurse inquired how he had learned of his mother's illness.

She knew that Cohen could not have received the letter she had posted just that morning. Cohen rushed to his mother's bedside just in time to speak a few words to her before she died. Had he waited for the letter, he would never have arrived in time.

TALES of ESP come from uncivilized as well as civilized sources. Doctor Laubscher, a psychiatrist, studied psychic phenomena among the natives of South Africa. He recalls vividly a proud old witch doctor who claimed to have psychic powers. Deciding to test the claim, Doctor Laubscher obtained permission to attend one of the witch doctor's seances. Beforehand, Laubscher had buried a purse about sixty miles away from the site of the seance. To the amazement of the psychologist, the witch doctor described in guttural sounds that blended with the pounding drums and chants of the wild dancers the contents and appearance of the purse.

These are just a few of the tales of extrasensory perception that, unfortunately, experienced investigators cannot examine critically. In fact, investigators have proved that many cases are everyday events upon which the parties have unconsciously enlarged. Nevertheless, the great number of testimonies lead the psychologists to believe that a few must be true.

Doctor Joseph Banks Rhine, the foremost parapsychologist in America, is one of the men who believe in ESP. At present he is

engaged in psychical research at Duke University. His principal method of testing for ESP is the card game. Since Rhine can control the game so that as little human error as possible influences the results, he finds the cards are the best means for discovering telepathy and clairvoyance.

The theory behind the use of the cards is based on the law of averages. A person should, by mere chance, average five correct guesses or "calls" out of every twenty-five. Anyone who consistently averages better than five cards possesses a rare power—the power of extrasensory perception. Although the investigations of Rhine show that most people have no extrasensory powers, they reveal that there are a few individuals who demonstrate marked psychic powers. Doctor Rhine discovered his first high scorer when he tested an unlikely looking prospect named Linzmayer. One day during a visit to the laboratory Linzmayer casually guessed through a deck while gazing out the window. To the doctor's surprise and delight Linzmayer called correctly nine cards in succession. The odds against this happening by chance are about two million to one. Nevertheless, the next day he repeated this performance. Later Rhine tested Linzmayer during long country drives intended to ease mental tensions that inhibit ESP. On one drive Linzmayer, his head thrown back on the seat and his eyes closed, called fifteen cards in

succession against odds of thirty billion to one. But performances of this caliber are not common even for high-scorers. Linzmayer's average is ten correct calls for every twenty-five guesses, twice the average of the normal person.

HUBERT PEARCE, another remarkable clairvoyant, correctly named 2000 out of 5000 cards. Once, during a two year period, Pearce accomplished what the psychologists considered impossible. Returning home from an errand, he paid a chance visit to the laboratory where he found Doctor Rhine working alone. When Rhine asked him to try a few calls, he complied, but without success. Noticing that Pearce was anxious to be on his way, Rhine joked about Pearce's destination in order to relieve the tension which was inhibiting his psychic powers. Pearce called a few correctly. Rhine continued the banter, and Pearce's guessing improved. Finally, Rhine offered him a hundred dollars for each correct call, provided that Pearce would pay a hundred-dollar fine for every failure. Pearce then called twenty-five consecutive cards without an error. At this point tension had mounted so high that by mutual consent they discontinued. The odds against such an occurrence are astronomical. Rhine computed them as 298,023,876,953,125 to one.

Because it provides an objectively measurable means of determining ESP, parapsychologists base most psychic experimen-

tion on clairvoyance. Telepathy, on the other hand, although many times more intriguing to some people, does not provide unassailable proof of its presence. Psychologists must depend upon the accuracy of the "sender" to tell exactly what he intended to send after the receiver attempts to guess what was in his mind. No written record of the transmitted matter is permissible because the receiver might learn from the record by clairvoyance instead of from the sender's mind by telepathy.

Telepathic subjects tested by the card method produce about the same score as clairvoyant subjects. When a graduate student, Miss Sara Ownbey, who was doing work under the direction of Doctor Rhine unexpectedly revealed her telepathic abilities, Doctor Rhine immediately subjected her to a battery of tests. In one test the receiver, Mr. George Zirkel, sat two rooms away from Miss Ownbey, while she "sent" the symbols on the faces of the cards to him. Zirkel scored twenty-three out of twenty-five, then eighty-five out of one hundred. His average for the total number of calls in the test series was sixteen correct calls out of every twenty-five. Later investigations by Rhine show that people with outstanding telepathic powers commonly obtain scores as high as Linzmayer and Pearce.

In spite of the great bulk of evidence favoring ESP, some psychologists remain skeptical. Most

of the criticism concerns the theoretical and experimental methods but, the psychologists do realize that the high scores often obtained are not due to chance alone. The most they can conclude, assuming Rhine's data correct and free from conscious or unconscious error, is that an unknown factor in man's mind transcends all common mental processes. It is this factor that explains the cases of extra-ordinary deviations from the rules of chance. It explains, likewise, many of the common tales of knowledge gained beyond the use of the senses.

In an effort to discover more about ESP, psychologists are probing its nature. Two of the many characteristically divergent theories state that ESP is a form of electromagnetic energy, or a manifestation of a human "Group Mind" in which all men share and from which they learn without normal use of their senses. Doctor Rhine believes that eventually ESP will prove an aid to religion and a refutation of Communist materialism. Certainly humanity will realize some fundamental benefit and truth from an element so apparently associated with man's spiritual nature.